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VOL. I.

LITERARY.

THE BARK.

[BY THE HERMIT ABROAD.]

THIS mode of being conveyed from place to place has three advantages, ease, cheapness, and leisure for observation:—barks and steamboats are now more common than heretofore, and so is travelling. To those, therefore, who have gone in the bark from Bruges to Ghent, very little need be said; to those who have not, be it known, that it far surpasses the steam-boat to a tranquil passenger, who neither likes noise nor danger, (whether the latter be real or imaginary): there is none of the grumbling din of the steam-boat, nor any chance of being boiled to death; no necessity for a safety-valve, nor any machinery or apparatus requiring an engineer; the company on board is, likewise, far different from that of the steam-boat, which is generally a confusion of persons merely, such as the different classes who adopt that conveyance from business, economy, or curiosity; whilst that of the bark is rather a confusion of nations and of characters bent on business or pleasure, who form of this vessel a sort of floating London Exchange, and render the scene very important to the observer of men and of manners. Here you will see the tranquil Briton on his travels, the active Frenchman, the slow cunning Brabanter, the mechanical Dutchman, &c. multiplied *ad infinitum*. Here the half-pay officer makes himself agreeable to the ladies, or canvasses the acquaintance of a rich merchant, or of a generous gourmand, whose table groans under dainties; there a German militaire fingers his mustaches, and regrets the money which he has lost at play, previous to joining his regiment; at one corner of the deck two moneyed-men are consulting together on objects of finance; at another, a fat land-holder or dealer in cattle is smoking contentedly after the successful sale of his hops or oxen; in the cabins below, you will find the humbler class, profiting by the low price of being transported to their place of destination, and the

higher cast, playing at cards or dice; here Mordecai Solomon pores over his leger in a corner, there a romantic female weeps over a novel, with her back turned on the company: in fine, the variety of objects forms a living picture most worthy of contemplation.

Having now given an outline of the bark itself, I shall proceed to state what passed in it relative to myself, and draw a short sketch (connected with the subject) of the effects of external objects on the interior of man in general; after which, I shall take my leave of the vessel, wishing that all my readers may glide as gently down the stream of time, with as much inward tranquillity and content, as I floated on the lake's surface from the good town of Bruges to the dull and lengthy one of Ghent.

On entering our aquatic vehicle, after saluting my surrounding fellow-companions, I took my station beyond the rudder, giving myself a commanding view of the long deck; I affected to read a newspaper, which in fact, I gleaned, but the book of life was before me, and I perused it attentively. From diversity of feature and figure, from attitude and deportment, from the dress and address of my fellow-travellers, I was enabled to make out pretty correctly their nation, occupation, the object of their watery excursion, and the station to which they belonged; a few affected ones, male and female, seemed to smile in scorn on our conveyance, with the view of wishing to make it obvious that they were out of their lofty sphere; but the passengers in general appeared all happy and satisfied; "and here," said I to myself, "what a miserable affair it would be if the temporary tenants of this floating mansion were at variance with each other! how detestable it would be to be surrounded by riot, contention, and strife whilst on the gentle bosom of this accommodating body of water! how ill would angry looks, cross words, and jarring interests suit the quietude of this situation! how unfit would they be for fellow-creatures doomed but for a short space to journey through the vale of time!—and yet, alas! is not life but a brief course, the world nothing but a very limited travel, when compared with eternity

and infinity of space, and notwithstanding man must torment his fellow-man during the fleeting period." Just as this reflection came before my mind's eye, I perceived a fierce looking military man, by an abrupt *right about face*, cripple a poor unoffending dog, and knock a breviary out of the hand of a meek looking clergyman; but one look from the latter, full of resignation, accompanied by an *optative*, "I wish thou hadst not hurt my poor dog, for as for myself I have no resentment," thus mutely conveyed, tamed the fire of the captain's eye, tinged his manly cheek with becoming crimson, made him stoop to pick up the book, and pressing the abbé's hand in his, drew forth a handsome manly apology; he now patted the poor dog, and the account betwixt all parties was fully settled.

I confess that for the time I took deep interest and a lively part in the scene; had it terminated otherwise I should have become a partisan both of the human and animal performers in the drama; but this was as it ought to be, it warmed my bosom beyond what I can express, and drew from me my favourite quotation—

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

Pretending again to return to my newspaper, the lottery office puff of which had been for ten minutes unread before my eyes, I turned them from the uninteresting print, to the very attractive scenery which skirts the lake, and where wood and water, serpentine deviations, fine cultivation, and fat cattle grazing, give the pictured story of the country through which we passed. There was nothing in this of the sublime, no cloud-capped mountains, no craggy and abrupt precipices, the haunts of the eagle and the hawk, and from whose frightful eminences

"The chuffs and crows which wing the midway air,
Seem'd scarce as gross as beetles."

There was no thundering cataract, no world of waters, ebbing and flowing near the bold and extensive shore, but all was peaceful, green, comely, and inviting. A man must be made of jarring elements indeed who would be out of humour with the country, or with his neighbour, surrounded thus; as for myself, I felt as if I had taken a reposing draught which left me in a delightful waking dream, to which no fever could succeed; my pulse beat in even measure, and told me that whilst time was stealing on, and both myself and the bark were moving towards our journey's end, I was at peace and in brotherly love with the whole large family of man; thus have external objects a most powerful agency on our internal faculties; thus the combinations of nature serve to attune our sensibili-

ties, to recall our scattered thoughts, to concentrate our divided affections. Let the perturbed spirit collect itself; let him, whose bosom is either blighted or in agitation, repair to the fields of viridity, to the velvet carpet of nature enamelled with young flowers; let his eye repose upon the velvet of the rose, and will not quietude appear before him? let the man fatigued with worldly affairs, or distracted by dry unsatisfactory study, saunter by the silvery stream, listen to the concert of the feathered choristers of heaven, or view the prismatic reflection of the rainbow, or the pearly gems which hang on the eglantine to beautify and refresh it, and will he not feel interior comfort, relief beyond all human giving? Is there a being who can contemplate that same rainbow without reflecting that

"The hand of the Most High hath bended it?"

Is there a mind so base, so sordid, so grovelling, upon which sublime scenery cannot act in elevating the mind, and on which tranquil objects cannot produce a calm and holy peacefulness?

But the bark is nearing the shore, the boundary of our journey is at hand, all are upon deck (for the picture is still before my eyes), hackney coaches and officious porters will soon spoil the effect of the view, and the hallowed delights of nature give way to the artificial ones of the world,

"Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all."

Little now remains to be said of the bark; we had a mid-day dinner, good in its kind, but at which a very high-dressed milliner turned up her nose, and elevated her thick-arched eyebrows, expressive of the vulgarity of the hour, and of which she refused to partake; a would-be dandy attorney's clerk was about to do the same, although the after part which he took in the repast proved that he was more a man of appetite than a man of taste; but I reconciled him to the circumstance by observing, that there was a way of making all things easy, namely, the accommodating one's self to them, and since the idea of the hour was so horrifying to his well-bred notions, he ought to consider the meal set before him merely as a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and he could afterwards dine like a prince at eight o'clock, the time for the Brabanter's supper. Admirable! exclaimed John Quill,* and

* A quill driver of some after eminence, got so Frenchified on his tour to the Continent, that he not only spoke broken English, and ridiculed his country, but was thinking of changing his name, as well as his habits and opinions, whilst on his travels: the *nom de guerre*, or rich name which he proposed to assume, was Jonquille; but upon being assured by a dry, sensible, and observing Scotch friend, that the assumed name would smell *vara muckle o' the shop*, and that the English would *just ca' him John Quill*, he abandoned his ambitious design, and merely translated his name from English into French, which I forbear from mentioning.

plunged himself into the silence of hard eating for one hour by the clock. Had I, like my upstart neighbour, turned my back upon the early dinner, I should have lost a valuable scientific acquaintance thus acquired, and missed an amusing conversation with a well-bred and able artillery officer, of both of whom I took a cordial leave, as I now do of my reader.

THE CODE OF HONOUR.

[By Joseph Hamilton, Esq. of Annandale Cottage.]

THE Code of Honour, as approved of by several individuals of rank, courage, experience, and discretion, and most respectfully submitted to the sovereigns, princes, noblemen, and gentlemen, throughout the earth, for the purpose of inducing the transmission of such improvements and corrections, through the ambassadors at the British Court, and the members of the Imperial Senate, as may at least abate the evil consequences attendant upon Duelling, until a successful effort can be made for the total abolition of the practice.

Art. 1.—If A. B. receive an offence from C. D. and he would remove the stain which he conceives attaches to his honour, his success in doing so will invariably bear an exact proportion to the gentlemanly delicacy of his own behaviour.

Art. 2.—In a case which appears to require the recurrence to a duel, the challenge should always emanate from the individual who first conceives himself offended.

Art. 3.—If A. B. in order to throw upon the first aggressor the supposed necessity of originating the challenge, shall proceed to horsewhip C. D. strike him with his fist, a stick, or even with his glove, call him a liar, coward, or by any other irritating appellation, he does not efface the stain, which he imagines his reputation has contracted; but, on the contrary, he considerably aggravates it, by descending to a violence of action or expression, which every well-bred gentleman is habitually anxious to avoid, and by associating with his conduct the recollection, that violence is almost invariably resorted to by persons whose bodily strength, or pugilistic science, gives them a considerable advantage over the gentleman they are determined to assail.

Art. 4.—When any gentleman neglects the honourable line of conduct, which is suggested in the two first articles, and adopts that which is the subject of the third, he ought not to feel himself aggrieved if he be brought before a very different tribunal from that which he aspires to.

Art. 5.—An injury sustained by any in-

dividual, in his property, can never be a proper subject for a duel.

Art. 6.—It is the duty of every gentleman, who experiences such violent or abusive treatment as has been noticed in Art. 3, to let his assailant suffer under the influence of the stain supposed to have been imparted by the original offence, and to seek redress for the assault, or the abusive language, from the courts of law, in order to suppress a violence which is injurious to civilized society.

Art. 7.—No gentleman, who values his own reputation very highly, will refuse to receive, or offer, such reparation as may be agreed upon by either of the seconds, and an umpire, mutually chosen by the two; and, in case the seconds cannot agree upon an umpire, each should nominate a friend whose decision should be final.

Art. 8.—Gentlemen who do not set a very exorbitant value upon their time and labour, will avoid refusing, even upon the ground, such apology as they would have accepted in the earlier stages of negotiation.

Art. 9.—When giving the lie, or using any other irritating language, has been the first aggression, if it appear that such language was resorted to under any erroneous impression, and that such impression has been satisfactorily removed by explanation, the written expression of sincere regret for the use of such provoking language may be offered and accepted, consistently with the most honourable feelings.

Art. 10.—When a gentleman is the depository of any public trust, it is more honourable to sacrifice his individual feelings than the general interests of society.

Art. 11.—Professional gentlemen, on whose energies or talents, the lives, fortunes, or reputation, of their clients may depend, can never justify their fighting duels, without first making a full and timely surrender of their trusts.

Art. 12.—A gentleman who values his own reputation very highly will not fight a duel with, or act as a second to, a person who has been guilty of the violence alluded to in Art. 3, or of any other offence against the public morals.

Art. 13.—No gentleman should accept the office of a second, without first receiving from his friend a written statement of the case, upon his honour, which should be accessible to both the seconds, for facilitating an accommodation, and justifying the conduct of the principals, as well as that of the seconds, in the event of a fatal termination to the quarrel. Every second should also insist upon receiving a written consent, to offer, or receive, such apology, submission, or explanation, as may be confidentially agreed upon between the principal

THE NOVELIST.

and himself, there being melancholy instances upon record, in which the principals have converted seconds into mere automations, at their own command.

Art. 14.—The parties should never be allowed to fight at less than ten yards distance, to be always well defined by toe-stones, for the advanced feet of the combatants; and, as duelling pistols will inflict a mortal wound at more than forty yards, very trivial differences may be terminated at that distance.

Art. 15.—The parties should invariably salute each other at their meeting on the ground, and they should be emulous in offering this evidence of civilization, remembering that they have, by the very act of meeting, made an acknowledgment of equality, and evinced a perfect willingness to receive, or offer, the supposed necessary reparation.

Art. 16.—The parties should present and fire together, upon the making of a signal previously agreed upon between the seconds, or lose their right to fire; and firing by word of command should be invariably avoided, as in such cases unnecessary danger is incurred, by permitting the eye to make a preparatory rest upon its object.

Art. 17.—The signal should be a white handkerchief, or other very attractive object, placed upon the ground exactly midway between the principals, that each may have an equal view of it, and that one of the seconds may withdraw it at his pleasure by a cord.

Art. 18.—The seconds should mutually and zealously attempt a reconciliation after every discharge of pistols. This is always the indispensable duty of the second to him who has received the challenge, as well as of the surgeons, and other spectators of the duel.

Art. 19.—The second of the party who has been challenged should invariably have the appointment of the time and place of meeting. The scene of action should be as convenient as possible to both the combatants, especially to surgical assistance, and all extravagant propositions should be carefully rejected, such as fighting across a table at handkerchief's length, or hand to hand, using swords, daggers, knives, rifles, blunderbusses, &c.

Art. 20.—If a gentleman be urged or allowed to fight who is in liquor, or unprepared with a confidential second, or who has not had sufficient time to make a proper disposition of his property, and trusts, for the advantage of his family, constituents, clients, wards, or creditors, a suspicion of foul play must inevitably attach itself to all persons by whom it may be sanctioned, suggested, or even witnessed, without opposition.

MACDUFF. See, who comes here?

MALCOLM. My countryman, but yet I know him not.

SHAKESPEARE.

The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.

FALCONER'S SHIPWRECK.

ABOUT fifteen years ago I was compelled to make a journey to Portsmouth, on business of a very urgent nature. Whilst I was sitting in the coffee-room of the inn from whence the coach was to start, a stranger, enveloped in a travelling cloak, his mouth half concealed in the ample folds of an immense neckerchief, and the upper part of his features shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, approached the box I was occupying, and, after casting a momentary, and apparently casual, glance at my person, seated himself on the opposite side of the table. As the coach was not ready so soon as I expected, I resolved ("albeit unused to the *drinking* mood") to comfort myself with a glass or two of "generous Port." I had no sooner given my order than it was repeated by the stranger; and the same congeniality of disposition was manifested, on my requesting to be favoured with the sight of a Newspaper. I did not take particular notice of the circumstance at the time, for indeed it was quite as reasonable for one man to drink Port wine, or to read a Newspaper, as another; but shortly after, having occasion to note down some trifling memorandum in my pocket-book, I was not a little surprised, on turning towards my companion, to find him similarly engaged. I know not how it was, but I must confess I now began to feel something of uneasiness. All that had yet occurred might be purely accidental—what amusement could any man derive from imitating all my actions?—Surely none.—Still I could not feel altogether comfortable; but as there was certainly no ground for remonstrance, I had no alternative but to hold my peace, and put as good a face upon the matter as the natural irritability of my temper would permit. When the waiter came to inquire what coach I was going by, I answered "Portsmouth;" and the same question being put to the stranger, he received the same reply. "Inside or out," demanded the waiter, addressing both at once.—"Inside," said I.—"Inside," echoed the stranger. I would willingly have remained in London till the following day, rather than be doomed to travel with this extraordinary character; but it was absolutely necessary that I should reach Portsmouth early in the morning; besides which my place was booked and paid for, so that there was no possibility of escaping, without making a sacrifice by no means

instability by the state of my finances, which, in truth, were at a very low ebb.

The coach being ready, I took my seat, closely followed by my unwelcome fellow-traveller, and commenced a journey, the pleasures of which were not heightened in anticipation by the circumstance of his being, except myself, the only inside passenger. Our conversation, it will be readily believed, was neither spirited nor interesting. The stranger never started a subject, but assented to every thing I said with an obsequiousness that would have done honour to Polonius himself. Throughout the journey, I believe not a single movement of mine escaped his observation; and he imitated me so closely as to subject me more than once to considerable personal inconvenience. If I happened to fall asleep, he snored so loud, that I was instantly awakened from my repose, to a consciousness of my miserable situation. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer," whose balmy influence falls alike on the peasant and the prince, was denied to me; and that too at a time when it had been more welcome to me than is the wedding day to the expectant bride.—Did I shut one of the windows to avert the consequence of a *thorough draught*, the other was immediately closed, and I was exposed to all the horrors of suffocation. Did I let down the window again, the opposite one was instantly thrown open, and my mind reviewed in gloomy prospect the usual concomitants of obstructed perspiration; sore throat, cough, rheumatism, catarrh, and ague had, in imagination, already attacked my frame, and it might with truth be said, I "felt a thousand colics in fearing one." But it were a waste of time to enumerate all the annoyances I was subjected to, suffice it, that they were continued without intermission till our arrival on the following morning at our place of destination: when, to complete the catalogue of my miseries, my *compagnon de voyage* followed me to the Quebec Tavern, where it was my custom to take up my abode. Vexation now almost overcame my philosophy, and I could with difficulty refrain from giving vent to a paroxysm of rage; but I resolved to bear all patiently, till some more unequivocal act of rudeness should justify my resentment. I had not much time to reflect on the comforts of a peaceable disposition, for when I ordered my breakfast, the stranger, with perfect *sang froid*, intimated that if I had no objection he should be most happy to join me. This was too much for philosophy itself to bear. I rose from my seat, pulled down the wristbands and adjusted the collar of my shirt, and articulated, as well as I was able—"Yes, Sir, I have an objection—a great objection—an insurmountable objection, Sir. You have been a perpetual annoyance to me from the moment when I had

the misfortune to meet with you; and if you do not desist from persecuting me, and instantly leave me to myself, you shall have reason to repent your folly, Sir."

"As I live," replied the stranger, in a voice and manner totally different from those he had hitherto assumed, "that was spoken like my old friend—give me your hand." There was something in the sound of that voice that recalled to my memory visions of happiness long since gone by; it seemed as if connected with my fondest recollections, and a thousand associations and impressions, which had lain dormant for years, were revived in all their pristine vividness. I involuntarily seized the hand which the stranger had offered—every spark of anger was extinguished in my breast—but I was still ignorant whose voice it was that had wrought so sudden a change in my feelings. The stranger saw my embarrassment, and removing the kerchief from his neck with one hand, while with the other he placed his hat upon the table—"Surely," he exclaimed, "you cannot have forgotten Oliver Barton." It was indeed my old companion; but so altered in his looks that I could scarcely trace any resemblance between his present and former appearance. I omit any further description of a scene so interesting to us both; first, because I am conscious of my inability to do it justice; and, secondly, because it would occupy a space which I am anxious to devote to a short account of my friend, in order to show that I have some reason for dwelling at such length on the circumstances I have related, and also (as I hope) to render my paper more entertaining.

Oliver Barton and myself owned the same birth-place, and our families had been united in good fellowship long before either of us saw the light. While yet children we were brought up together as brothers; as schoolboys we were inseparable companions in our studies and amusements; and the vows of never-fading friendship to which our youthful ardour gave birth were never afterwards broken. Every day, every hour, added a new link to the chain, which, as it lengthened, became, if possible, more durable. Of Oliver Barton I would say, that he was the only man I ever met with, whose sincerity was above suspicion, and whose good offices could not by possibility be traced to motives of self-interest. In youth he was the very soul of happiness—care was a stranger to his heart, and his day-dreams presented no objects to his imagination, but hope and joy, and "wreathed smiles." At the age of twenty-five he became acquainted with the daughter of a neighbouring and wealthy farmer; a mutual attachment soon followed, and eventually he made her his wife. But, alas! his bliss was not of long

duration. He had scarcely been married three months, when his amiable partner was snatched away by death. The demon of consumption, which had long hovered around her, as if wanting the heart to destroy so beautiful a being, came at last, and levelled all that was lovely with the dust. From that hour the life of poor Oliver was a burden—almost too heavy to be borne. The day after the funeral he quitted his native village for ever, declaring, as we parted, that he was now a wanderer on the earth, and that he could never know a moment's peace.—Just ten years had elapsed from that day, till we met in the manner I have related, and I had never heard the least tidings of him. He had been roving about from place to place, in the vain hope of effacing from his memory the scenes of his former happiness, and was then going to embark for the West-Indies, in a trading vessel, the Captain of which was an intimate acquaintance, and had persuaded him to undertake the voyage.

The sequel is soon told. I remained at Portsmouth three days, when I took leave of my friend, who was to set sail the following day, and returned to London. About a week after my arrival, I was reading one of the newspapers, when the first article that attracted my attention contained an account of the loss of the very ship in which Oliver Barton was a passenger. With the exception of four or five, the whole crew had perished, and he was among the sufferers. By the extreme violence of the sea his almost lifeless body was thrown upon a rock. Collecting, at one desperate effort, his small remaining strength, he stretched out his arm to seize on a slight projection, which seemed to promise deliverance from the dreadful death that awaited him.—“Thank Heaven,” he faintly exclaimed, “I am safe.” He had scarcely uttered the words when a wave came with tremendous force, and carried him back to the ocean—he sunk to rise no more!

“A purer spirit hath not Heaven!”

V.S.

LITERARY VARIETY.

THE IMAGINATION.

THE imagination is often represented as a trifling faculty—as intended only to amuse and cajole—as fit for none but poets, painters, and deceivers. A thorough attention to the nature of the mind, and a full knowledge of its most honourable and useful achievements, are necessary to point out the real value of the imagination. So far from being a trifling faculty, or a mere instrument of sporting and deluding, it is employed in the

most important operations of the mind in regard to the future, and is essential to the illustration of truth, and to the exercise of the great and disinterested virtues. It is by the power of imagination, by the lively pictures of this faculty, that our sensibility is awakened with respect to scenes not present, and that rewards for good deeds, and punishments for bad, when retribution is far removed into time before us, have their peculiar influence in exciting to virtue, or deterring from vice. Imagination is necessary to science, to literary cultivation, to political economy, to oratory, and all the arts, and to religion itself. Without imagination to lead the mind forward in the course of discovery from one phenomenon to another, and from analogy to analogy, how could physical knowledge have advanced as it has done, since the days of D'Alembert and Bacon? How could Newton have ascertained those universal laws of nature, by which it is now known that the whole planetary system is governed? How could Burke have predicted the effects of revolutionary principles begun in his day, and developed in ours? How could the results of the past be applied to the future? How could even our holy religion make its promises support and animate the soul? Take away imagination, and what have you left, upon which illustrations of things not seen, and hopes of glories yet to come, are to be founded? Take away imagination, and how can the mind ascend from this world to the next—from the society and events of time, to the society and events of eternity? Induction, analogy, the glow of moral sentiment, the animation of feeling, the aspirations of magnanimity, the rewards of present sacrifices and disinterestedness, the promises and pictures of the heavenly world, all demand the most interesting and constant services of imagination. This faculty improves all the virtues, and elevates all the intellectual and moral powers. The strongest men have it most; the best men best know its value, and the worst men cherish it least. To the bad, it is incessant torment. The cold and selfish hate it, for it is their enemy. The benevolent and magnanimous are its favourites, and it multiplies all their rewards and future triumphs.—HOLLEY.

The most eminent men have been remarkable for their natural infirmities and antipathies. The Duke d'Epemon fell into a swoon at the sight of a rabbit; the Mareschal Albert was taken ill upon bringing a pig to table; Ladislaus, king of Poland, began to run as soon as he perceived an apple; Erasmus became feverish at the sight of fish; Scaliger was seized with a tremor at the sight of water-cresses; Tycho Brahe, at the appearance of a hare or fox, could

not support himself; every eclipse of the moon threw Lord Bacon into a fainting fit; Boyle was seized with an unaccountable ecstasy at the sound of water running from a pipe; Le Vayer could not endure the notes of a musical instrument, but felt the most lively pleasure when it thundered; and it is related that an English gentleman fainted as often as he heard read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

It is impossible not to remember the wish quoted in Martinus Scriblerus, that all words derived from the verb *sum* should be prohibited in controversy, when we read the following from Milton's Doc. Chris.:—*Una essentia unius est entis, una etiam subsistentia quæ nihil aliud quam essentia substantialis est.*'

BLAIR.

The merit of Blair, as a poet of eminence, has doubtless been differently appreciated by his readers; as their tastes, habits, and dispositions have implanted in them a bias favourable or adverse at once to the general subject of his poem, and the range and tone of sentiment which characterise its author.

"The Grave" furnishes a subject, or rather a series of subjects, which, although of universal import, yet exhibit, in their various details, topics of gloom somewhat inauspicious to the fervid and aspiring character of poetry.

Thousands unquestionably, who read and criticise, and who in other respects would be enviously disposed to award to the generous imaginings of genius its full measure of praise, have yet felt their ardent susceptibilities chilled, and their kinder sympathies soured, under a perusal of this extraordinary effusion of poetical imagery, dressed up as it is in the solemn and stately march of philosophic and religious dissertation. Their minds are alienated by the rigid and severe aspect which pervades this somewhat extraordinary poem.

It has been but seldom indeed that poems essentially and exclusively founded on subjects similar to that on which Blair adventured his genius, are crowned with many laurels from the general award of polite literature. Those who arbitrate in matters of criticism—who lead and direct the tone of public opinion, from whose tribunal these laurels shoot forth with luxuriance, or at whose frown they wither in the scorn of neglect, have indeed been sometimes disposed to award very flattering encomiums, even to subjects which comprise somewhat similar considerations with those of Blair. Examples of this will easily present themselves to the mind of the reader; but although Blair has perhaps seldom seen his apotheosis from the hand of those masters in criticism whom

all hasten to follow, yet is it no less certain that his occasional beauties of language, and high reach of sentiment, concur in placing him on no minor eminence in the scale of poetic distinction.

The popular maxims and proverbs of a nation comprise the concentrated wisdom of its sages and philosophers, from its earliest periods. The sagacity and shrewdness which they indicate, the sentiments which they breathe, form no uncertain thermometer for measuring the intellectual habits of the people and their moral character. The influence which this species of popular wisdom exercises, cannot easily be estimated.—Other knowledge we employ on occasion,—at certain periods of our life,—in the pursuit of particular engagements. This is a kind of currency, a sort of pocket wisdom, which we carry about us at all times, and which rises spontaneously in our minds on every emergency, arrayed in all that force and freshness with which the earliest sentiments instilled into our hearts can recur to us. The brief and pithy energy of a proverb lays no charge upon the memory,—the epigrammatic turn of the expression, the significant import of the sentiment, arrests the imagination; and it becomes, *per fas et nefas*, an inmate of the intellectual mansion, and is blended with the elements of our intellectual frame. Notwithstanding all this, these memorials of ancient wisdom, or modern sagacity, are not always the result of the most exact observation, or of the soundest induction of facts. They are, in truth, often founded on ignorance or prejudice, and are at variance with the soundest deductions of reason and experience. We are often conscious of this, and yet they retain their influence over our minds and actions,—we become the tacit instruments of transmitting error through age to age.

The proverbs of a nation are a species of wisdom which is equally recognised by the philosopher and the peasant,—the former bends before the sovereign authority of a pithy sentence the accumulated stores of his learning; the latter, the ruder dictates of his untutored intellect.

Every witless babbler, every loquacious simpleton, every pert popinjay "smit with the love of poesy and prate," who can bedizen his words with a flush of gaudy, glittering, half-formed images, and deliver himself out to the public with a velvet volubility of phrase, writes a tragedy incontinent. A tragedy! the highest effort of human poetical powers! *O tempora! O prose-poesy!*

I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear.—He had no manner of objection to going to church, but that 'the devil might take it ill.'

POETRY.

STANZAS.

THERE is a spirit stands by me ;
It comes by night, it comes by day,
And when the glittering lightnings play,
Its look is pale and sad to see.
'Tis he—to whom my brother gave
A red unconsecrated grave.

I hear him when the breezes moan,
And, when the rattling thunders talk,
I hear him muttering by me walk,
And tell me I am 'quite alone.'
It is the dæmon of the dead,
For all that's good hath upwards fled.

It is a dæmon which the wave
Hath cast abroad to scare my soul ;
Yet wherefore did the waters roll
So idly o'er his hasty grave ?
Was the sad prayer I uttered then
Unheard,—or is it due again ?

Is 't not enough that I am here,
Brainstruck and cold and famished,
A mean remove above the dead,—
But must my soul be wild with fear
As sorrow, now that hope is gone
And I am lost and left alone ?

They told me, when my days were young,
That I was fair and born to reign,
That hands and hearts were my domain,
And witchery dwelt upon my tongue :
And now—but what is this to me
Struck on the rock of memory ?

And yet at times I dream—aye yet,
Of vanish'd scenes and golden hours,
And music heard in orange bowers,
(For madness cannot quite forget)
And love, breath'd once to me alone,
In sighs, and many a melting tone.

Then curious thoughts, and floating things
Saved from the deluge of the brain,
Pass with perplexity and pain :
Then darkness, deaths, and murderings,—
And then unto my den I hie,
And vainly, vainly pray to die.

PROCTER.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN."

When shall we three meet again ?
We will meet when the storms and rain
Of Autumn come, and the winds go by
Our dwelling with a fearful cry,
And shake the red leaves from the trees,
And when they say that the year must die,
Amongst their dreary harmonies
We'll mingle a wild but livelier strain,
And sing "We three have met again."

Three sprightly spirits are we now ;
One, upon her maiden brow,
Bears life and beauty, and her smile
Shall cheer me on for many a mile ;
For I am going far away,
To see the blue and cloudless day
Shine on the fields of Italy :

What though full many a heavy hour
May press me with its silent power,
And I, upon a foreign shore
A stranger, feel that touch the more ;
Yet, from amidst my sadness, I
Will look upon futurity,
And half forget my moody vein,
In the thought that "We shall meet again."

When the Autumn nights are long
We will sing some pleasant song :
And you, my friend, whose silver tone
Makes Music's very voice your own,
You shall pour your richest numbers,
And wake the silent night from slumbers :
And gentle Helen, thou shalt be
Queen of the hour to him and me,
And we will braid amidst thy hair
Roses like thy bosom fair,
And we will laugh and worship thee,
As the Spirit of Poetry.
Away, away—for I must go
Over the wild and bounding waters ;
But amongst the Roman daughters
I shall think of thee, as now ;
And — — if a lofty line
Remind me of thy verse divine,
Or if some sweet melody
Should bring a thought of home to me,
I will neglect the soothing strain,
To sigh "Oh ! may we meet again."

PROCTER.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican :
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtue move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or, her well-deservings known ?
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness bless'd,
Which may merit name of best ;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo ;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;

If she love me, this believe ;
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go :

If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

WITHE.

THE SEA NYMPH.

[The idea of the following Romance is borrowed from a German writer, who imagines a race of beings, capable of existing beneath the waters—mortal, like ourselves, but more beautiful : created without souls, and endued with supernatural powers during their fanciful existence. They were sometimes permitted to dwell among us for a season : and if during that period they could obtain the hand, as well as the heart, of an earthly lover, they received a soul by this union, and relinquished their claim to the ocean : but if they were so luckless as to be rejected, the law of their sovereign obliged them to return to his dominion for the remainder of their lives.]

Henry ! light of my eyes ! my soul !
Come with me where the blue waters roll ;
Look on the waves, all tinged with the sky,
Not a step, not a breath, not a sound is nigh ;
Look on yon wandering white sail there,
Scarcely swell'd by the languid air ;
Look on that Sun that sinks to rest,
Sweetly lull'd on the ocean's breast.
Thou art that Sun to me ! my life
Without thee were darkness, and toil and
strife ;
Thou art that wandering bark to me,
And I'll be an ocean of love to thee.

Canst thou not hear my young heart beat,
Ere thou hast spoken, and oft as we meet ?
Hast thou not sworn to make me thine
By sacred altar, and right divine ?
Hast thou not sworn to be mine own,
And now, wilt thou leave Ondine alone ?
Star of my worship ! and life of my heart,
Think what a death 'twould be, to part !

Not for the coronet over thy brow,
But to thyself, my existence I vow !
By the light of thine eyes I swear,
Storm and battle, and death to share ;
By the breath of thy lips, I'll prove
Tender, forgiving, and true to thy love :
And oh, what power could rend from thy side,
Thy faithful, thy blest, and adoring bride !

Henry dearest ! thou wilt not smile—
Look once more on this flowery isle :
Has Ondine's voice lost every charm,
And wilt thou spurn her circling arm ?
Once you prized my amber hair,
Is its lustre gone, or my brow less fair ?

Sweet Lord, look ! the day is past,
Evening's shades are gathering fast ;
The tide is swelling—the breeze grows strong
The broad moon is rolling the clouds among ;
And the stars are singing my funeral song !
Start not, Henry ! this must be,
Unless this hour thou weddest with me ;
The tide is swelling—the tide is bright,
And the full moon sheds on the wave her
light.

Yes ! thou hast clasp'd me to thy heart,
Would we were never again to part ;

Now let me drink thy sigh once more,
One first, last kiss on the lips I adore !

The wave hath touch'd her foot of snow,
And her eyes and cheek no longer glow ;
Like a shadow of mist she fades away,
Veil'd and dissolv'd in the silvery spray :
Yet, as she sinks in her humid grave,
A murmur of love is heard on the wave ;
Plaintive sighs, a voice unseen,
" Dearest ! forget not thy poor Ondine."

Lonely and sad he wanders there,
Breathing his plaints to the midnight air ;
Bound by the charm of the Sea Nymph's
smile,
Henry dwells on the lovely isle ;
Still at the full of the moon and tide,
Floats on the wave his ocean bride ;
Dripping and bright, her beautiful hair
Streams o'er her bosom and shoulder bare ;
And her pale blue eyes express
Mingled grief and tenderness.

'Tis but a moment she sparkles there,
Waving her arms, as the moonlight fair ;
A crystal crown she bears in her hand,
And her voice is heard on the enchanted
land ;
Its tones are like the harp's first sigh,
Touched by the breeze as it wanders by :
" Henry, I plunge the surge beneath,
Let me crown thee with this wreath !
Come with me through these purple waves,
To our glittering halls and amber caves."

Then as she sinks, more impassion'd and
faint,
More sweetly she warbles her fond com-
plaint—
" Dearest ! farewell—to Ondine be true !"
And the waves softly murmur, " Adieu !
Adieu !"

SONG.

Farewell to all ! I shall not gaze
Again on the blue sea :
As flits the shadow o'er the wave,
So flits my life from me.

Farewell, then, to the glorious main,
The beauty of you sky ;
The memory of the orange groves,
Where dream like time pass'd by.

I bid farewell to each, to all—
But bid it not to thee—
Oh ! surely even in the tomb
Some sign of love may be.

When thou art mourning o'er my grave,
My spirit may be near ;
Come on the breeze to catch thy sigh,
To kiss away the tear.

And should another ever claim
The heart once only mine ;
What comfort ! that the heart is still
Which could but beat to thine.

New-York Literary Gazette.

Mr. Jefferson's Petition. In the evening of his life, an American ex-president has been compelled by his necessities to petition the legislature of his native state for the privilege of disposing of his property by means of a lottery! We know not whether this petition has any chance of success, but most ardently do we hope that it may be promptly and favourably acted upon. Political difference of opinion should have no bearing upon a case like this. Mr. Jefferson has been at the head of our nation, his name is blended with our history, and the better portion of his life has been spent in the public service. If at this late hour he is to have "his doors dammed up by dunning creditors," or to be turned out of those doors, and to rely upon individual charity for food and for shelter; if this is to be the reward of men who devote their talents to the general welfare, instead of the acquisition of gain, then let us fear an earlier decay of respectability, and a more speedy dissolution of our republic, than its worst enemies hope or expect. Men of talents will take warning from such examples—the *honourable* among them will shun a path that leads to misery and want, and the *dishonourable* will resort to peculation and corruption, in order to shield their old age from utter penury.

Mr. Jefferson stands not alone in misfortune—Mr. Madison is poor; Mr. Monroe is poor, and has been obliged to accept the appointment of justice of the peace, for Loudon county. Some editors have been expatiating on this circumstance as a beautiful comment on the nature of republican government. We cannot join in their felicitations; we cannot shout with them *Io triumphe*, on this practical proof of equality; we would rather mourn than rejoice that an ex-president of the United States should be driven by hard necessity to officiate as a junior justice of the peace, a subordinate to subordinates. If any men have claims upon public gratitude, surely these are the men; and we cannot conceive the necessity of starving our ex-rulers, in order to prove that they are no better than common citizens. But it is useless to expect humanity or gratitude from aggregate bodies—individuals *may* here and there be

found, who have hearts, and who are grateful and generous—legislatures are *above* such feelings.

There is a wonderful love of economy which animates (we will not say *deadens*) the mass of our politicians—they are determined not to run the risk of impoverishing the government by permitting gratitude to thrust her hand into the national strong-box. Economy is a very praiseworthy, *popular*, delightful, and admirable virtue, no doubt; what a pity it is that many of our great statesmen are not as economical of the public time as they are of the public wealth! We should then be *saved* at least from a surfeit of speeches, and the reporters of Congress would save a fortune in the articles of pen, ink, and paper. It was Economy that protracted the payment of General St. Clair's demand, from year to year—it was Economy that left Robert Morris and General Barton in prison—it was Economy that permitted the heroic Stark to gasp out life in the extremity of poverty and the bitterness of despair!—Thrice blessed and thrice glorious Economy! hail to the incense that rises from thine altar, for surely it must rise acceptably to heaven!

The son of Sirach exclaims, "I have seen servants upon horses and princes walking as servants upon the earth." The son of Sirach might have considered this a novel sight, and such it may have been in his day; but had he lived in the present age, he would not have been so struck with the circumstance as to record it in his book of Wisdom, as a marvellous thing. Our land has many princes, (let no zealous patriot take fire at the word, we use it in its etymological not its political sense) we have many princes among us "walking as servants upon the earth," and, with all due deference to the glorious equality of human nature be it said, modern observers have probably seen quite as many "servants upon horses" as the son of Sirach ever saw. We have quoted his words heretofore, and we make no excuse for using them a second time—their truth cannot be too often enforced.

The following is the resolution introduced by Mr. Loyall, in the house of Delegates, Virginia:

Mr. Loyall observed, that he rose under

embarrassed feelings. He was about to discharge a task which gave him pain—not from a sense of the impropriety of the measure asked, but from the nature of the task itself, and the melancholy reasons which had rendered it necessary. He rose to ask leave to bring in a bill authorizing *Thomas Jefferson to dispose of his estate by lottery*. It would take no money from the treasury, nor abridge the rights of any individual. It was in favour of a man who had devoted more than sixty years of his life to the public service—a great benefactor of mankind. The poor boon he asked, in the extremity of his fortunes, was to be allowed to do that, which he could not do without an Act of the General Assembly. Would it be asked how he became so involved? how with a patrimony so large, he had become reduced in his old age to poverty? He had become so in the performance of public services. Since the dawn of manhood, he had devoted the energies of his soul and body to the service of his country, and the cause of mankind. Mr. L. proceeded, in an eloquent manner to enumerate the causes which had impaired Mr. Jefferson's ample patrimony, and to reduce him, in the extremity of his age, to the verge of bankruptcy. Until his retirement from the Presidency in 1808, his attention to public duties had been unremitted from the commencement of the revolutionary war. These duties had necessarily excluded attention to his private affairs, and involved him in embarrassments, which continuing to this day, and increased by his general, unavoidable, and munificent hospitality, since his retreat to private life, had at length driven him to the necessity of making this application to the legislature of his native state. Travellers from every part of the union, and of the civilized world, particularly since the establishment of the University, made pilgrimages to Monticello, and it was not in the noble and generous nature of Mr. Jefferson to repress their visits, or to curtail his hospitality. These expenses were incident to his name and his character; and who among us would desire that he should do so, or for the few years that he might yet linger among us, be compelled to seek some hiding place in his mountain? How was it proposed to relieve him? By allowing him a privilege which invaded the rights of no man—which took nothing from the treasury. Mr. Loyal stated that, within the last forty years, more than seventy examples of lotteries authorized by the state were to be found—that a counteracting policy would force us again to resort to them—and that thousands were drawn annually from Virginia to construct the roads and canals of the northern states. He appealed to no political feelings, but desired that the application should rest on its intrinsic merits.

IDLE HOURS.

Many a man does not know the meaning of his own name. We have amused ourselves, this evening, with name-hunting, and here is the result.

Nathan—the giver. (Heb.)

Ambrose—immortal. (Greek.)

Anne—the gracious.

Philip—a lover of horses. (Gr. φιλεω, ιππος.)

Benjamin—the son of the right hand. (Heb.)

Alphonso—our help. (Goth.)

Alexander—the help of men. (Gr.)

Abel—vanity. (Heb.) When Cain killed Abel, he certainly did not kill *vanity*. There are a great many Abels in the world, who bear other names.

David—dear. (Heb.)

James—the supplanter. Jacob, the primitive of James, has the same meaning.

Abraham—the father of a multitude. (Heb.)

Agatha—the good. (Gr. αγαθος.)

Agnes. We know not whence to derive this word, unless from the Latin *agna*, “a lamb.” Probably, the first fair one who bore this name was mild and gentle.

Cain—possession. (Heb.)

Katharine. We can find a beautiful derivation for this name, in the Greek καθαρος, “pure.”

Caroline, and Charlotte, are derived from Charles, which is latinized Carolus; but what Caroline, Charlotte, Charles, and Carolus mean, we cannot ascertain.

Ashur—one that is happy. (Heb.)

Alfred—all peace. (Saxon.)

Clara. We suppose this is from the Latin clarus—a, “bright and fair.”

Aaron—a mountain. (Heb.)

Elizabeth—the oath of the Lord. (Heb.)

Alice—there is a Greek word αλις which means “enough.” Perhaps the first Alice was a large and robust woman, and if so, there was of course, “enough” of her.

Adah—an assembly. (Heb.)

Isaac—laughter. (Heb.) The gravest man we ever knew was named Isaac.

George—a tiller of the earth. (Greek. γη εργον.)

Magdalen—exalted. (Heb.)

Mary—bitter. (Heb.) How often do we hear it said that Mary is a *sweet* name!

Rachel—sheep. (Heb.) This is but a sheepish name.

Rosamond. This is a beautiful name—we believe it appeared first in the songs of the Troubadours. It signifies “the rose of the world”—*rosa mundi*. (Lat.)

John—the mercy of the Lord. (Heb.)

Theodore—the gift of God. (Greek. Θεὸς δωρον.)

Chloe. Does this come from the Greek χλωα, “grass”? All flesh is grass.

Eve—life. (Heb.)

The angel Rubi says of man,

“Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doomed to sin and strife,
Call her—think what—his life! his life!
Yes—such the love-taught name—the first,
That ruined Man to Woman gave,
Even in his outcast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love—the grave.”*

Sarah—the princess of a multitude. (Heb.)

Margaret. This must come from the Greek μαργαριτης, “a pearl.”

Saul—the desired. (Heb.)

Peter—a rock. (Gr. πέτρος.)

Noah—rest. (Heb.)

Philo—a friend. (Gr. φίλος.) There are very few Philos to be found.

Demosthenes has a noble and appropriate meaning—“The strength of the people.”

Ephraim—one that grows. (Heb.)

Nicholas—the conqueror of the people. (Greek.)

Eunice. We may derive this from εὖ and νικᾶω, “to conquer charmingly.”

Andromache is resolvable into a most horrible meaning, ἀνδρός μαχητής, “the scold of her husband.” Certainly the meek and fond Andromache, the wife of the gallant Hector, deserves a better name—she might have scolded her servants, and with some reason, perchance; but she never scolded her husband.

Jerusha—the rejected. (Heb.) We suppose the first lady who bore this name, must have been jilted by a “male flirt.”

Mem. Our Heb. Goth. and Sax. derivations are not our own.

* * *

There would be very few coquettes in the world, if the daughters of deceit could learn from prophecy what they learn too late, from experience, that the triumph of

their vanity is obtained only by the dreadful sacrifice of their principles and reputation. Want of heart is not the only stigma which the world (which, in such instances, is just in its punishment,) casts upon them—the irremovable stain of impurity of feeling is the darkest dye in their character; for the world will never believe that man can be led on by woman, to a serious attachment, without particular and decided marks of confidence, on the part of the latter. Lamentable and pitiable indeed, is the situation of the hackneyed coquette—as her life begins in falsehood and hypocrisy, so it ends in misery and desertion.

Language is not only unpolite, but also unjust, in making this word exclusively, feminine—coquetry is as much a *trade* with man, as it is with woman, and in man it is still less pardonable. Our language has derived the feminine “*coquette*” from the French—as we have no word to express similar conduct in man, it were as well perhaps to adopt another French word for the purpose, which in sound and meaning would be very applicable, not the word “*coquet*,” but “*coquin*.”

General Washington's Correspondence.

WASHINGTON TO CHASTELLUX.

Mount Vernon, 8th Aug. 1786.

My dear Marquis,

I cannot omit to seize the earliest occasion to acknowledge the receipt of the very affectionate letter you did me the honour to write me on the 22d May, as well as to thank you for the present of your travels in America, and the translation of Col. Humphrey's poem; all of which came safe to hand, by the same conveyance.

Knowing, as I did, the candour, liberality, and philanthropy of the Marquis de Chastellux, I was prepared to disbelieve any imputations that might militate against those amiable qualities; for character and habits are not easily taken up, or suddenly laid aside. Nor does that mild species of philosophy, which aims at promoting human happiness, ever belie itself, by deviating from the generous and God-like pursuit. Having, notwithstanding, understood, that some misrepresentation of the work in question had been circulated, I was happy to learn that you had taken the most effect-

* Moore's Loves of the Angels.

tual method to put a stop to their circulation, by publishing a more ample and correct edition. Colonel Humphreys (who spent some weeks at Mount Vernon) confirmed me in the sentiment, by giving me a most flattering account of the whole performance. He has also put into my hands the translation of that part in which you say such, and so many handsome things of me, that (although no sceptic on ordinary occasions) I may perhaps be allowed to doubt, whether your friendship and partiality have not, in this one instance, acquired an ascendancy over your cooler judgment.

Having been thus unwarily, and, I may be permitted to add, almost unavoidably betrayed into a kind of necessity to speak of myself, and not wishing to resume that subject, I choose to close it for ever, by observing, that, as on the one hand, I consider it as an indubitable mark of mean-spiritedness and pitiful vanity, to court applause from the pen or tongue of man; so, on the other, I believe it to be a proof of false modesty, or an unworthy affectation of humility, to appear altogether insensible to the commendations of the virtuous and enlightened part of our species.

Perhaps nothing can excite more perfect harmony in the soul, than to have this spring vibrate in unison with the internal consciousness of rectitude in our intentions, and an humble hope of approbation from the Supreme Disposer of all things.

I have communicated to Colonel Humphreys that paragraph in your letter which announces the favourable reception his poem has met with in France. Upon the principles I have just laid down, he cannot be indifferent to the applauses of so enlightened a nation, nor to the suffrages of the King and Queen, who have been pleased to honour it with their royal approbation.

We have no news on this side the Atlantic worth the pains of sending across it. The country is recovering rapidly from the ravages of war. The seeds of population are scattered far in the wilderness; agriculture is prosecuted with industry; the works of peace, such as opening rivers, building bridges, &c. are carried on with spirit. Trade is not so successful as we could wish. Our state governments are well administered. Some objections in our Federal government might perhaps be altered for the

better. I rely much on the goodness of my countrymen; and trust that a superintending Providence will disappoint the hopes of our enemies.

With sentiments of the sincerest friendship, I am, my dear Marquis,

Your obedient,

and affectionate servant,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

The Marquis de Chastellux.

Proverbs. We are greater admirers of "old saws" than of "modern instances," and we have always believed that a man who studies Solomon's Proverbs, will get along better in the world than one who studies men personally—for in the former he has what may be called a ready-made knowledge of human nature, an acquaintance with the character of the heart, drawn from the reflections of the wisest and most scrutinizing observer. There are many other proverb-makers, and a few proverb-collectors. We have selected the following from Mr. Fielding's collection.

"Building is a sweet impoverishing."

Our forefathers seemed to consider building a very unprofitable speculation. They had many proverbs to the same effect:

He who buys a house ready wrought,
Has many a pin and nail for nought.

The French too say, 'A house ready made, and a wife to make.' The times have altered, if one may judge from the present rage for building in the vicinity of London and in the country.

"Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the oppressor."—*Gaelic.*

A noble sentiment, worthy to be engraven on the banners of England, and form the basis of her foreign and domestic policy. We have greatly degenerated from the virtues of our remote progenitors. The ancient Gael, even in their fastnesses and mountains, were more generous than their descendants in all their opulence and grandeur. They had no Alien Bills—no midnight arrests—no espionage to fright the stranger from their shores, or render his abode there precarious. They did not unite with oppressors, or, by a suspicious neutrality, countenance their injustice; they threw open their doors to the exile, and broke the bones of the oppressor. The sentiment is so magnanimous, it seems worth preserving in the original Gaelic;

"Fialachd dh'an fhogarrach, 's enamhan brist dh'an eacorach."

"He that wears black must hang a brush at his back."

To clean off the dust, which it shows more than any colour. Men, or rather boys and monkeys, are very imitative creatures. The King, on one occasion, was reported in the newspapers to have had on a black stock, and ever since black stocks have been worn, a la militaire, by every apprentice and serving man in the metropolis.

"A Welsh bait."—*Welsh*.

A short stop, but no refreshment. Such baits are frequently given by the natives of the principality to their keffels, or horses, particularly after climbing a hill.

CROSS READINGS.

Two attempts were made last week to set fire to—the Lehigh Coal Company.

The Medical Society of the state of New-York—was sold at 75 cents a bushel.

During the last week the moon has been—illuminated with gas every evening.

The Grand Duke Constantine—wants a situation as nurse in a gentleman's family.

The House of Refuge for Juvenile Delinquents—is said to cultivate the friendship of the poets.

A member of the House of Representatives lately made a motion—to continue perpetually on his feet for ten years.

The Emperor of Brazil has declared war against—2 bls. of crackers and several pounds of Goshen cheese—it is said he is determined to call in the assistance of—S pipes of Jamaica rum.

Active Verbs. From Mr. Cardell's Theory of Verbs.

"This class presents, in many instances, the greatest apparent contradictions, and is the most difficult of all to reconcile with the very principles laid down to explain it.

'Bonaparte lost the battle of Waterloo.'

This sentence, according to all the teachers, is the direct and literal assertion that Bonaparte performed the action of losing that battle. How stands the fact? Until after the battle was irretrievably lost, he exerted his utmost energy of body and mind to win the battle and prevent the loss. He never did the least act with intention to produce such a result, but skilfully strove, with all his talents and means to guard against it. How then did he perform the action which the sentence directly affirms?

This verb, and most others, depend on different principles from any which have

probably been explained, from the days of Aristotle and Ennius, to the present time.

Some radical errors of a similar nature, appear to run through the general systems of grammar, rhetoric, logic, and mental philosophy, in all countries where these studies are pursued. The propositions laid down as axioms in the structure of speech, being grossly wrong, the complex systems founded upon them, of course, could not be right.

With respect to the agent which produces an action, it is no matter by what *motive*, *fatality*, *inherent principle*, or *communicated impulse*, it may operate; what name it bears; how inert it may appear; nor what secondary means it may employ. These moving springs of action are precisely as numerous, convolved, and minute, as the train of causes and consequences throughout the Creator's works. The short-sighted philosophy which attempts to draw division lines between them leads to endless perplexity, without any beneficial result; and has misdirected the systems of instruction in language, ever since a college existed in Europe."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Description of the Diving Bell at Portpatrick.

THIS unquestionably is the greatest curiosity at Portpatrick; and that not so much from the defiance it seems to bid to the laws of nature, as from the submarine marvels it so triumphantly performs. Previous to the time of the late Mr. Rennie, the Diving Bell, even as improved by Mr. Spalding, was little more than an ingenious toy; but in our days it has become an instrument of great practical utility, by which one or more workmen can descend to the depth of thirty-three feet, and in that unwonted situation level sand, blast rocks, clear away rubbish, and guide to their places huge blocks of hewn freestone, with all the precision and nearly all the ease of masonry above ground. Mr. Spalding's machine enabled individuals to take a peep at ships, which the waves had prostrated 'many fathoms down,' and snatch from them, peradventure, a stray ingot or a bag of dollars; Mr. Rennie's does what is far better—removes bars, deepens harbours, lengthens piers, and in this way not only goes far to avert almost the greatest of human calamities, but aggrandises whole districts, and wafts commerce to shores previously unapproached and unapproachable.

I may mention a curious fact, first observed and established by Mr. Spalding; namely, that such Divers as live chiefly on vegetables, suffer the least annoyance from working long under water; and hence it is

inferred that the lungs of beef-eaters require an extra supply of oxygen. But to proceed methodically. Connected with the Bell is a dismasted vessel of some 50 or 60 tons burthen, in the centre of which, a pretty strong crane (worked as usual with tooth and pinion) is sunk to the very keel, and by the help of which the instrument is let down or taken up, with the greatest ease and regularity.—When not in use, it rests upon the deck; but when the weather is favourable, the vessel is moved to whatever station the diver directs, and then down go the aquatic quarrymen.

The Bell is neither more nor less than a strong cast metal frame, four inches thick in the side, five feet three inches high, four feet five inches wide, tapering towards the top, and weighing exactly three tons 15 cwt. The tube of the air pump, three inches in diameter, is inserted at the top, and is covered in the inside by a leather valve, with a view to the equal distribution of the air. The pump, which is a double one, is placed on the deck, and constantly worked by four men whenever the divers are at any great depth. In the top are rivetted two strong iron bolts, formed into rings at the extremities; the upper rings connect the Bell with the chain of the crane, and the under ones are used for an important purpose which I shall by and by explain. In casting the Bell, ten different holes had been purposely left, which are filled with as many circular windows, thoroughly cemented or puttied in—exactly such as you sometimes see used on board of ship, and which the country people call *yokes of glass*. In the inside are seats *vis a vis*, with a cross spar to rest the feet on, and sundry knobs around the top, from which are suspended the workman's tools.

When I was about to descend (accompanied by the chief diver, Mr. Foote, a very civil and intelligent man,) the Bell was gradually raised and lowered over the vessel's side, where it hung dangling for a few minutes. We then descended into an ordinary small boat, and from it clambered into the Bell in a crouching attitude the best way we could. If at any time a stranger feels a little squeamish, it is probably when he first takes his seat in the Bell; he sees himself pent in a narrow house (not very unlike the mort-safes used in church-yards to cheat the resurrection men; he hears the air valve whizzing above; around are nothing but iron walls; below is the level or slightly agitated sea, and he knows not exactly what may be his sensations when he comes in contact with an element which has proved the grave of so many brave men.

None of these feelings, however, troubled me; the air-pump blew, the crane-wheel revolved, and down—down—down we went,

until the gurgling of the water over the glass windows, proved that we were fairly under cover. At this stage of the descent, many persons feel a slight pain in their ears. I cannot say that I was sensible of this or any other feeling excepting that of heat, after we had remained nearly an hour below, and which is occasioned by the *non* or rather the slow escape of the heated air, particularly when the Bell rests on a level surface. Unfortunately the water was rather muddy, but the diver assured me that this so seldom happens, that in general he sees distinctly to the bottom, the moment the machine begins to dip. On these occasions it is very amusing to observe the motions of the fishes, which appear in a tremendous hurry to get out of the way, and what with wonderment and fear, cross and recross as frequently as if they were engaged in dancing a 'foursome reel.' Sometimes he succeeds in spearing very large flounders, and lately he caught a most gigantic crab, the claws of which could not be spanned by a man's hand. Sea urchins are frequently found, and Mr. F. was kind enough to present me with the shell of the largest he had ever seen.

Arrived at the bottom, the diver gave the usual signal, by striking with a hammer on the side of the Bell, and in a minute or so, our iron ship was safely moored. I then produced a bottle which I had taken care to fill with good Glenlivet, drank the diver's health and every body's else I cared much about, or could think of at the time. I next exhibited my writing materials, indited a sonnet and two or three cards, chanted a stave, and last of all entered into a serious conversation with my friend, in the course of which I endeavoured to worm from him as well as I could the mysteries of his craft.

The surface on which we rested being nearly level, the water was so ebb that it would not have covered the half of your shoe, and alluding to this circumstance, I inquired, provided he were working, what he would first proceed to do? 'All I could do here,' he replied, 'would be to make a level,' and exhibiting a mason's plummet, he applied it to both sides of the surface in the usual manner. 'But,' he continued, 'this is nothing; you saw the black rocks jutting out of the harbour; well, sometimes the spot we land on is equally uneven. The bell in that case is nearly capsized, the one resting on a ledge of rock, the other on sand; and between them a pool of standing water three or four feet deep. Our boots protect us so far, and we must just work away with the pick, jumper, &c., the best way we can. When the stuff is loose, and the rubbish accumulates, I give the signal for the bucket to be lowered, and by shifting a little, up or across—throw it out

of the way. If it be found necessary to blast, the jumper is sent home; and a tin tube inserted, filled with upwards of a pound of gunpowder. This we can lengthen at pleasure by screwing different pieces together, and securing them by a little grease; and in doing this it is necessary to ascend yard by yard until we come to the surface, when a small piece of heated iron is dropped down the tube, and then off goes the shot—at least it very seldom ever misses.

This is literally the mode of proceeding under water; but there are other obstacles to encounter besides precipitous and jagged rocks: for sometimes the bell descends into a grove of sea tangle so tall, thick, and umbrageous, that the lights are completely darkened, and which it requires no slight effort to fell and otherwise clear away. But perhaps the most remarkable thing of all, is the mode of placing the huge masses of freestone, which form the foundation of the pier, and each of which weighs from five to seven tons. When the bed is prepared, and a stone is meant to be laid, it is first of all placed on a punt, and from it lowered to the proper situation—or as nearly so as the diver can direct. He then descends, and by shifting about gets the Bell suspended right above the stone, and forthwith disengaging the original tackle, he attaches to it an ingenious apparatus of his own, the chain of which is fastened to the rings mentioned above, and in this way he drags the stone wherever he pleases.

Nay, so easily are the stones moved while afloat in the water, that the slightest touch sends them this way or that—as a proof of which Mr. F. declares that when every thing is prepared, it is easier to build below than above water. Already he has laid twenty-four feet of the new pier, and when tier comes to be placed above tier, the work will be seen peering above the tide as if raised by magic. At Holyhead he constructed a pier of four hundred yards long, and fifteen feet high in a similar manner. No cement or fastenings are used to connect the stones. From their great gravity, and the slowness of the motion felt at such depths, there is no danger whatever of their shifting, while the heavy superstructure that is to be erected above, will tend equally to keep them firm.

I should here mention that, independently of the pumpers and hands that work the vessel, there is another individual, whose sole duty is to watch the signals. These are reduced to a perfect system, and may be explained in half a dozen words. When the diver requires more air, and wishes the motion of the pump to be quickened, he strikes *One* on the inside of the Bell, which is easily heard above even at the greatest depths. *Two* means the Bell has come in

contact with something, and you must therefore stop, or turn the windlass; *Three* is the signal for pulling up; *Four* means, let the Bell lower down; *Five* is the signal for hauling to the eastward; *Six* to the westward; *Seven* to the southward; *Eight* to the northward; and *Nine* means let down the working bucket. In addition to these there is a *Tenth* signal, which as yet there has been little occasion to give at Portpatrick.

Throughout the season the weather has been exceedingly favourable for sub-marine operations; so much so that Mr. Foote has done as much work in months as he expected to do in years. On certain days he has been below thirteen hours out of the four-and-twenty, though not without ascending to take refreshment. He is still a young man, and although he has plied his vocation for nine years, appears to enjoy perfect health. He admits, however, that the employment is unfavourable to the proper play of the lungs; his first instructor, a Mr. Fisher, became not a little asthmatic, and were he to attempt to run a race, or engage in any other violent exercise, I believe he would be found to be a little broken-winded.

With regard to danger, the only thing he ever dreaded was the possibility of the rope giving way before the bell has had time to float. In that case it would go down like a shot, and that so rapidly, that the men would be choked to a moral certainty. Formerly the machine was worked by a rope, in place of a chain, which, on one occasion, got so entangled with the crane, that for two hours and a half, it could neither be let down nor brought up, to the great terror and alarm of the divers. Often and again Mr. F. thought of getting out and saving his life by swimming to the top, and was only deterred by the idea that there might be numerous boats around, with which in ascending he would be very apt to come in contact. Such a mode of escape is quite possible, and it has been suggested that it would be well to attach a false rope to the Bell, strong enough to capsize it in case of danger, and thus provide against the chapter of accidents.

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